In The Mood

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In The Mood

by orphan_account, whiskeyandspite

Summary

Will chews his lip, considers. Nothing Hannibal has ever done to him for his own pleasure has been detestable or unbearable. His punishments were appropriately humiliating, occasionally cruel, but they were punishments, they drove a message home that Will, despite his utter reluctance to admit it out loud, remembers and learns. But Hannibal's pleasure, his Master's pleasure, is never cruelly taken.

Will counts 84 leaves before the wind shifts them, before the shadows fade with the coming of morning, and Will finds himself almost vibrating with energy at the thought of fulfilling his own desire by fulfilling Hannibal's.

He refuses to let himself linger on the thought.

Stage One Pornado. Will makes a bid for what he wants. More to come, get your galoshes out, it'll be a heck of a storm.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Instead he rises, brushes his teeth, washes his face, and goes to set the table for breakfast. When Hannibal appears, already dressed, impeccable, the familiar line marring the center of his forehead in a frown, Will grins.

“You won’t have breakfast,” he guesses, tapping his fingers against the counter - Hannibal hadn’t eaten in the mornings for a few days, preferring to drink coffee, black, in the study, as his eyes scanned the morning paper.

“And your coffee will be brewed shortly. I can get the paper?”

There is a quiet moment while Hannibal takes in the situation, measuring the whole of it with an expression that he does not allow to drift toward surprised. William is not so constant a fixture in the kitchen, though Hannibal has never protested his initiative when he cooks for himself, he has never insisted upon it either.

On the stove, the percolator growls metallically, giving truth to Will’s assessment of coffee, and the expression breaks into a slow smile, only faintly suspicious.

“That would be appreciated,” he allows, reaching up to bring down two cups, two saucers.

His eyes look darker beneath, with whatever news he has been following. William has seen some stirrings in the paper, bold headlines, but his French has never been strong, and Hannibal has not translated for him. He has not asked.

“Will you take coffee?” He asks, when Will has turned for the door, waiting for the other’s nod before he pours, leaves the sweetening to William himself.

The walk up the drive is enjoyable, the air brisk in the early spring. The winter had held on overlong this year, and only now the gardens are beginning to green again, the manicured trees holding out tightly clenched fists of green that would soon slowly offer their palms to the sun. He hopes that for a little while, he can convince Hannibal to forget.

As much as he wants this escape, wants to retreat to the opera house and be seen again, be something to be shown off as much as he was cherished, Hannibal too needs the release.

The paper is thin, the Thursday edition always the smallest to make room for the stories for the Friday and weekend papers, and Will turns it in his hands as he walks back. Tempted, as always, to walk just a little further, but with no malicious intent behind it today. He simply wants the freedom of knowing Hannibal would trust him to come back.

He closes the door quietly, finds that Hannibal has taken his coffee with him to the study, that Will’s sits steaming on the counter in mild suggestion that he can take it where he likes - Will rarely takes his meals with Hannibal when it isn’t dinner - and Will watches the steam curl from it for a moment before smiling, glancing up the corridor to where the study is, third door on the left.

He pads to the second on silent feet, tiptoes on the plush carpet, and listens. Beyond is nothing more than gentle breathing, the occasional click of china against china as Hannibal sets his cup back in the saucer. Will's fingers twitch, a nervous habit, but he forces himself calm. This will not be met with a punishment, his only risk is his own pride, and that, today, does not weigh much to him.

He kneels, keeping as quiet as before, and sets his hands to the carpet as well, one curled around the paper. Another brief moment of hesitation before he shakes his head with a smile, feels his cheeks darken with the solution that comes to mind, and then just lets it go. Ducks his head, lets out a slow, gentle breath, and places the paper between his teeth before crawling forward to turn into the study.

He can feel Hannibal's eyes on him immediately, can almost hear how still the man goes, even as his vision is obscured mostly by the curls he hasn't yet brushed back. The paper dries his tongue, and Will forces himself to breathe through his nose, careful to keep his movements slow, deliberate, eyes up despite the hair in the way, lips tilted.

By the time he reaches Hannibal, the other is watching him with clear intent, and Will simply sits up and sets the paper against Hannibal's knees, careful to part his lips wider to do so, to take his time closing them again before sitting back on his heels.

Hannibal does not spare so much as a glance at the paper, his eyes sharply attentive to Will, attuned now that his routine has been broken. Will feels a sweet flush of victory that he knows shows down his neck, must spread across his chest, at the sudden hunger in Hannibal's eyes.

He knows how sweet the obedience must taste, he has worked at times to make it seem rare, railed enough against it at times. But this, simply and genuinely given, this Hannibal wants. Appreciates.

"Very good, William," Hannibal's voice dips low, his praise not entirely masking his pleasure, the words inadequate for his appreciation.

Hannibal is easier to lead than Will might have guessed, and there are times when Will knows he is pushing - but he has never yet pushed so far as to garner a refusal, when he asks with sweet words and begs for something he knows Hannibal wants.

"Will that be all?" Will asks, still on the floor at Hannibal's knees, eyes lowered but he is still watching Hannibal through is lashes, obediently ready for any further command.

His hands lie clasped to stop himself fidgeting, his back straight, chin raised just enough for Hannibal to see the collar clearly, to see the pulse beating beneath in a clean quick rhythm. He can feel Hannibal's muscles tense, not in anger, but in something far more pleasant, and he waits, counts the beats of his heart before sitting closer, tilting his chin up and setting it against Hannibal's knee.

He would relish the sharp intake of breath with a wider smile if it wouldn't break the fragile mood between them, the bare vibration in the air. He hums softly, turns his head to nuzzle

against Hannibal's thigh, pleased when he's encouraged to press closer still when Hannibal's knees part wider for him.

But Will doesn't push further, doesn't speed his teasing beyond pressing his lips hot to Hannibal's thigh through the fabric as he had once made Hannibal do for him. A shiver moves over his skin, runs down his spine at the memory, and Will allows a smile then.

He directs his eyes up, still waiting for an answer.

The want is laid bare on Hannibal's features for once, hungry and intense and unusual - Will supposes it must be, he does not often offer himself so wholly. Hannibal's lips part, a hungry motion, but he says nothing immediately.

Will watches, with interest, the path of Hannibal's tongue across his lower lip, and then mirrors the motion, so that the working of his jaw is evident against Hannibal's thigh.

He is met with arched brows, before Hannibal sets the paper aside - Will feels it like he has conquered a foe when it settles on the table, the evidence of his teeth still clearly imprinted on the top page.

Hannibal curls his fingers beneath Will's chin, but does not lift it, he simply touches, and then tilts his head, as if something in the boy's clever nature, careful play, has caught his attention, as if he senses that the fish on the other end of the hook is only toying with the line to see how far he can control the fisherman.

In the end, Hannibal cannot help himself. He leans back to welcome Will's touch, leaving his knees wider apart.

"I am not usually indulged so early," Hannibal remarks, sliding his fingers through Will's hair. "Without a hint of resistance. I could come to expect it."

"You are not usually so troubled," Will says carefully, rolling his shoulders in a stretch and tilting his head just a little into the hand against his hair.

"Troubling you further would be rude." he continues the gentle path of his mouth, slow, against Hannibal's thigh, the nearer he leans, the wider his lips part, the longer his tongue lingers, drawing warm wet swathes over the expensive fabric until he rests his teeth, gentle, parted, against the catch of Hannibal's pants.

He hums softly as the fingers in his hair curl further, not cruelly, in a pressing caress that leaves Will shivering with the feeling of nails over his scalp. He presses his tongue hot here, too, and drags it slowly up, until just the tip outlines the growing hardness there.

"I can be lenient." he murmurs, lips pulling up in a grin as he lets his eyes meet Hannibal's from where he rests. The show is deliberate but oddly pleasant, oddly warming and welcome. He doesn't look away as he slips his tongue between his lips to slowly lick again.

Such temptation, and though Hannibal must surely know there is something more there too it than what part of it Will has left for him to see, he is confident enough in his command of the

situation to consider indulgence. It is part of what gives Will this small power, this reversal of desires.

Hannibal's lips part in a sigh - not of exasperation, but an echo of the warm breath heating him through the very fabric of his pants.

His fingers curl beneath Will's chin, and draws him up, leaning down so the kiss does not pull him from his knees. His mouth is demanding, accusing, relenting all in the same gesture, and when he leans back, there is a wry smile on his mouth that suggests he understands some of the weakness that William is playing, and that he does not care.

"Give me your mouth, then, William, and if you please me I will reward you," he suggests.

Hannibal releases him, leans back in the chair in a lion's repose, truly the Master here by attitude if nothing else, and he spreads his knees wide, reaches down to see to the catch of his own pants before Will covers his hands with his own, shaking his head.

When Hannibal relents, curious, he leans in to work the button with his teeth, to take the zipper between two incisors and look up, to be sure Hannibal is watching, to capture the man's eyes with his own as he draws the zipper down very slowly. It pulls a groan from Hannibal, a forward shift in the chair, and Will's own cock begins to grow hard in response, from the very notion of how pleased Hannibal was.

Before this, before the country before his father had been taken away, Will had commanded power like this, he had demanded it and taken it, twisted it between his fingers and manipulated it to dance how he wanted. There had been a time when Hannibal had been the one between his legs and Will's smile, his very tone, commanded how he would move.

Now Will accepts that control instead of taking it, nuzzles against Hannibal's cock for the sensation, the warmth and pleasure he feels shiver through the skin beneath his cheek.

He doesn't tease beyond a bare press of teeth, but he still doesn't use his hands, determined to bring Hannibal to impatience, to completion, with just his mouth alone. The one thing that still fights when Will's body is restrained, when his will is commanded, now tamed to Hannibal's words.

He wets the fabric, lips soft and tongue hot against it, rubs gentle patterns to feel Hannibal grow harder, to feel him groan softly with both impatience and the desire to allow Will to impress him on his own.

Will's teeth press to skin when he grasps the waistband to peel it away, and he arches his back to complete the motion, thighs just barely spread, hips pushing up and swaying, once, side to side. It's a blatant tease, relentless, and Hannibal smiles, allows it, tilts his head to enjoy the shift as Will does it again, as his lips sweep over the head of Hannibal's cock, as they part around it, the tongue dragging velvet-soft and deliberate over the slit.

There has never been cruel force in Hannibal's control of Will, harshness perhaps, deliberate drive for endurance, certainly. He has pushed Will to tears for his pleasure before, but they

had never been from genuine pain or terror. Hannibal teaches the only way he knows Will would understand.

Now, though, he lets his hand rest in the soft curls, but doesn't push him. He lets his eyes, hooded, take in the way Will's lips spread over his cock as he takes it further into his mouth, exhales slowly, sharp, when Will hums around him, the vibrations soft and deeply pleasurable. He waits for Will to stop, for him to find the depth he can comfortably reach, and tugs his hair gently to get those blue eyes up to him.

"More," he encourages, watches Will's brows draw lightly, before he blinks and obeys, takes a little more, eyes closing with the effort. He allows Will to pull away, to start a rhythm that sends shivers crawling up and down Hannibal's spine like cold fingers, before catching his hair once more, at the place Will had faltered, and gently encouraging again.

"More, Will."

Will contemplates what he is asked, swallowing once in a gesture that pushes his tongue along the underside of Hannibal's cock, and it earns him a groan, a shifting of Hannibal's body against the chair. He knows it's possible, he had asked it before - though never of Hannibal - but he had asked it to see others choke and gag, to push them past their limits.

Hannibal is asking him to extend his own, instead. Will swallows again, nervous, and shifts position. The fingers in his hair stay gentle, and he surges forward, making a determined effort. His throat feels as if it closes, his body fights it, and he draws back sharply, coughing involuntarily, swallowing, pulling air.

"I can't," He suggests, apologetic, and Hannibal at least does not laugh. He traces his fingers along Will's working throat, feeling the motions as Will coughs again, and then smiles.

His fingers seek access between Will's lips, and he pushes the pointer and middle fingers along the velvety texture of Will's tongue in a slow stroking motion, demonstrative.

"Flatten your tongue from the back," he instructs, demonstrating, pushing as a doctor might with a tongue depressor, guiding, sliding his fingers forward until the tip of Will's tongue extends over his lower teeth. "Tilt your head back. Don't rush, feel your way forward. Adjust."

Will licks his lower lip, listening. remembering the feel of Hannibal's touch in his mouth. He tries to duplicate the sensation of his tongue being pressed flat when he takes Hannibal into his mouth again, and finds that it does open his throat, finds that stretching his jaw wider than necessary and tipping his head back lets him take Hannibal deeper, lets him hold the man at the verge of 'too much', and then his body gives an involuntary swallow instead of a choke, and Hannibal slides deeper still.

The noise Hannibal makes in that pleasure is surprised, very nearly a growl, and Will can only barely appreciate it, finding all of his focus on remembering how to breathe, on swallowing so he doesn't cough.

Hannibal seems too lost in the sensation to notice Will's struggle, though he does not force him to take any more. His fingers curl, warm, possessive, in Will's hair and his breaths become quick heavy pants as Will continues to swallow around him.

When Will pulls back, he is allowed it, allowed to return to using his mouth in the slow deliberate pulls that feel just as good to Hannibal as the heat of his throat. And Will relishes the power, the attention he holds, down here on his knees.

He moans, a soft noise, and draws just a barest hint of teeth around the swollen head, enough to feel the grip in his hair send pleasurable sparks through his skin, to allow Hannibal to pull him in again, further, closer, until Will's eyes close and he moans from the sensation alone.

Of being used, of being wanted and appreciated and useful to his master.

His cock stirs in his pants and Will makes a helpless noise, eyes fluttering open briefly to watch the sensations play out on Hannibal's features.

For once, his Master drifts, his posture relaxed instead of the usual intense attentiveness he gives Will when they are thus engaged. It is a strangely sweet expression on the man's face, and Will's battered pride stirs somewhere deep within him, given a new target, a new input.

There was a time the thought might have made him sick, to find himself proud of being so singularly pleasing to another, but he is slowly forgetting it, slowly surrendering to this and finding himself more and more entangled in the enjoyment of being such a cherished object, a honed instrument, the very sort of thing Hannibal would have always valued.

Hannibal rolls his hips slowly, not deeply, but enough to move him over Will's tongue, enough to use what is offered without pushing Will past comfort, enough for them to both find pleasure in it, and Will allows himself a needy whimper at the confinement of his pants, curling his hands at the back of Hannibal's calves to anchor himself.

He sees the increase in shadow beneath Hannibal's eyes that suggests they are watching, and he stretches his jaw wider, employs his new technique just at the apex of one of Hannibal's motions and finds fingers tensing in his hair, shifting quickly to his shoulder as Hannibal holds on.

Will can see the way release shapes on Hannibal's features, as a surprise, as something he hadn't quite expected. His eyebrows draw in, but raise, rather than lower, his eyes close and at the corners, the folds show. Over the bridge of his nose it tenses, wrinkles, as if he were angry - but he only takes his own lower lip between his teeth and pulls air, releases it in a groan that seems involuntary, and Will only regrets that he has to draw back sooner than he would like.

He licks Hannibal clean while the other regathers his breath, the picture of demure obedience, and Hannibal pulls him up on his knees when he can spare a thought and chases the taste of his own release in Will's mouth, traces his fingers over his throat as if thanking him for the use of it - and it feels sore, as if bruised, but it is a satisfying feeling.

"Very good," Hannibal praises, eyes warm, lax with pleasure.

Will shivers with the words in a way he supposes he should fight against. He keeps his eyes on Hannibal's, searching, and finds only genuine pleasure and a strange sort of strain of exhaustion. Somewhere in the pit of his chest he feels dread, a seeping sensation of wrongness that has nothing to do with Hannibal, or Will himself.

Just something.

Will swallows, tilts his chin up for Hannibal to touch the skin, the familiar assertion that this is his. His fingers twitch, not nervous but impatient, and he makes a soft sound, cock pressing against his pants and drawing trembles up his back.

"Can I?" It's quiet. Every request, still, tugs at Will's throat. He hates that he has to ask, yet the satisfaction he gets from permission is immeasurable.

"Please?"

"Is that what you want?" Hannibal asks, understanding the request with only the briefest of glances down to assess Will's condition.

Will begins to nod against Hannibal's fingers, and Hannibal smiles, tightens his grip just a fraction to prevent the motion before he completes what he is saying.

"Is that all you want?"

Will's eyes search his, gently confused, wondering if there could be a wrong answer to this. He bites the inside of his lip before shaking his head, slow, as though reversing the nod.

"I want you to watch." He adds, feeling his heart speed at the look he gets in return. "I want you to touch..."

He swallows, wondering how far he can push this before it slips from playful to rude, in Hannibal's eyes.

"I want to have to ask again."

Hannibal's fingers stroke the skin of his neck, gently, approving, pleased. He lifts his hands to Will's hair then, draws him forward again and presses his mouth to Will's forehead, just once, a token of how pleased he is.

"You are permitted," Hannibal says, plainly, and then his eyes have hardened again, just a little, into amusement. It is not a bad emotion,familiar and warm in Will's experience , and not so unusual as the tenderness Hannibal had just given him.

He adjusts himself in his chair, refastening his pants, taking up his coffee for another sip, readying himself for whatever vision Will intends to make of himself.

"Show me how long you can hold yourself back, William," he orders, and there's no question there, but neither is it harsh. "Impress me. I will make you ask more than once."

Will swallows, excited by the challenge, moving back - crawling, back arched, attentive to his limbs so that he retains grace, even when all he wants to do is collapse and rub himself against the plush study carpet - into the center of the room where Hannibal will be able to see all of him.

Hannibal does not specify how many times William will have to ask, and he wonders if he won't be begging senselessly by the time it's over.

He wonders why the idea doesn't upset him and instead sends shivers through his limbs.

Will sits back on his heels and sighs, head down to see himself, to appreciate the way Hannibal's eyes feel on him, as he sits just barely facing Hannibal, just enough. He's already hard, already wet from the sounds Hannibal had made, from the knowledge that his submission had brought him to that desperation, and Will draws his fingers lightly over the bulge in his boxers, gasping at how it feels through fabric.

For a time, he forces himself to forget. That Hannibal is there, that he's putting on a show, something that he asked to do himself, was not coaxed into. He forgets, and drifts, first fingers rubbing gentle circles over the head of his cock, then his palm following. He arches up, adjusts just a little and rests one hand behind himself for balance; thighs spread and chest up even as he keeps his eyes on what he's doing.

He thinks of Hannibal, of how the man would occasionally bestow gentleness on Will as Will is now bestowing his submission. How once in a while, he would be allowed to spend the night, would be woken in the morning by warm hands and an insistent mouth, would lie back, still sleepy and warm, and draw up his knees for Hannibal to touch him how he wanted.

Those mornings Will would be allowed to start his chores later. Those mornings, Hannibal usually didn't stay home.

The memory is enough to have Will gasping, head back and lips parted as he finally allows his fingers beneath the waistband of his underwear. His free hand curls against the carpet tight, nails drawing furrows in it that will be wiped away by their feet. He bites his lip and groans softly.

"Please,"

"Patience," Hannibal tells him, watching.

But his own does not last long, with his view spoiled by clothing, even though the suggestion of Will's hand moving is clear, the aching hardness beneath the damp spotted fabric, the way his knuckles make small lifts as they move, and Hannibal wets his lips at the wanton display, at the way Will's body arches into it.

"Stop," he commands, garnering a desperate look from Will, from eyes that slowly open to meet Hannibal's.

Will only realizes afterward that it was on the instant of Hannibal's voice that he had obeyed, without making a conscious decision to do so, and he bites his lip, feeling the lack of contact,

of motion.

“Remove the rest of your clothing, William,” Hannibal instructs, imperious, one leg resting on the opposite knee. He wants to see, and that’s a victory, too, having captured so much of Hannibal’s interest that the other will make specific instruction, expectant.

Will shifts, lifting his hands to unbutton his shirt first, and then he finds he has little enough patience, twists his hips out of his own pants and takes the underwear with it, and even the brush of the fabric waistband against the head of his cock is enough to leave him shuddering, ready.

Hannibal nods, when he looks up, granting him permission to continue, and Will curls his fingers around himself again, finally allowing himself to lay supine and spread, one hand curled lazily at the base of his shaft with his fingers pressed down over his balls, occasionally stroking the loose skin in rough motions, when he needs the distraction.

The other, he curls around his cock, and moves slowly, until Hannibal clears his throat.

“You can take more than that,” he commands. “Faster, William.”

Will swallows, obeys, drawing a rough whine from his throat as he shudders, stills, pants to catch his breath and starts again. He’s so close now, with Hannibal’s eyes on him, with his words, with Will’s own thoughts against him.

“Please,”

“Wait.”

Will’s lips press together and he swallows, eyes closed and brows furrowed as his knees draw higher, spread, fold again in a motion that he can concentrate on that isn’t the building, cloying need within him.

Perhaps a few moments more and Will is making soft, continuous sounds, gentle wails and desperate little keens. Hannibal watches, the way the skin flushes from Will’s cheeks down to his navel, watches how every tremor sends Will’s back rigid, his hand curling harder against himself to stave off orgasm, to be obedient.

Will’s head rolls back and forth in feverish desperation and he whimpers.

“I can’t, I can’t! Please -”

“Stop,” a gentle command, barely breathed, but Will obeys, blinking rapidly up at the ceiling with wet blue eyes as his lips lie slack, pulling in air.

“Hands down, palms flat to the floor.”

Will swallows. Obeys this too.

“Count to five, aloud, then start again.”

The urge is extremely strong for him to rush the count, to stream the numbers into as fast a blur as he can to get his hands on himself again, but as much as he wants to cum, his desire to obey is stronger, even than the ache within him for release.

Instead he pulls in a hitching, difficult breath, and feels the air cooling against his hot skin, where sweat has begun to spring up from his exertion.

“One,” he breathes, unable to stop his body from still twisting just a little, from seeking the sensation even against the expanse of his back, of the carpet. His fingers dig into the plush fibers, and he feels them part for him.

“Two,” on this he breathes out again, lets his eyes closed and tries to find his focus. Everything feels sensitized, and he can almost - nearly - feel the touch of Hannibal’s gaze on his skin.

“Three,” Will focuses on every muscle, from his shoulders to his calves, and wills them loose, wills his body back to the languor before imminent release, and feels it respond, begrudgingly. His hands lift of their own accord, but he keeps them on his chest when he finds them untangled from their hold in the carpet, stroking along his collar bone, touching the line of his collar against his neck.

“Four,” he continues, and then, blissfully, “Five.”

He does not rush, but the touch of his fingers is sweet, and his skin is still sensitive, still ready, though further back from the edge - the trip will be faster this time, and he tries to steel himself against it, keeping his touch light - he rubs two fingers just below the head, and feels it wet, knows he is dripping with readiness, and he wants, very badly, the reward of release.

He wants to deserve it.

“Good boy,” Hannibal purrs, shifting forward in his chair, his hands folded together as if restraining themselves. “Push yourself.”

Will swallows, thick and sticky in his throat, and doesn’t rush to obey, but he does do it.

Surely, as carefully as he tries, he finds himself back in the familiar desperation, the dizziness that comes with it, the weightlessness in the pit of his stomach that signals close, soon, more again and again until Will whines with it, writhes and twists and arches, his body a flurry of movement.

He draws one hand down his thigh, back up, clasps the knee to bend it, to turn on his side just enough to settle it against the floor, leaving himself entirely open, further on display for the hungry dark eyes that take in every motion.

“Please, Hannibal,”

“You can take more, Will, you have.”

“No -” a whine, almost petulant if Will wasn’t still going, still touching still aching and trembling with it. He obeys blindly, simply because no other part of his mind matters here, no other parts to spare from holding himself back, from being obedient, from being good.

His balls draw tighter, the need to cum almost painful now and Will keens, turns his face into the carpet, teeth grit with the effort of this.

“Master,” he sobs, “Please.”

This is enough to please Hannibal at last, to convince him of the depths Will is capable of pushing himself to, of surrendering himself to in order to please his Master, and with satisfaction on Hannibal’s part, comes permission.

“Cum, William,” he says, and it’s as much an order as permission, and timed beautifully . Or perhaps Will’s body is just that attuned to such orders from Hannibal, release dragging out of him through his fingers, and it’s almost white blinding with how much it’s built up as he denied himself, hard enough to lock his muscles tight through his abdomen, his backside, down his legs to almost his very knees with his back in an arch as if reaching further toward it.

As if he had been dragging himself toward release physically. His jaw drops open wide, but for a time he cannot think to pull in air, only to groan, to hiss through his teeth, dropping his fingers away sharply from his suddenly sensitive skin.

When he finds himself again his body is twisted and his hands dug into the carpet as if the floor were in danger of falling away, and Hannibal has settled behind him, touching his sides, easing his muscles as he remembers to drag air in, looking down at him as Will has seen him regard fine works of art, or a fine composition.

“What,” Hannibal asks, but the tone is amused, without a trace of anger. “Is all this for?”

His fingers tease at the base of Will’s spine, in the damp of sweat, threatening to dip lower, to continue wringing pleasure from Will’s suddenly weary body.

Will arches, just enough to present no struggle, but not in encouragement, and ducks his head again, catching his breath, letting the warmth of Hannibal’s hand, of his tone, soothe him. He licks his lips.

“Leniency?” he replies, honest, “One night of freedom?”

He turns, so he’s on his back again, shifts so his head rests against Hannibal’s thigh, so he can feel the man part his hair with gentle fingers as his eyebrows raise at the suggestion. Will swallows, tries to better explain.

“Perhaps to earn an outing, a night spent outside of this house, together.”

Hannibal tilts his chin, letting his eyes run over the picture presented. Will, bare and easy with release, unashamedly wearing the collar and nothing else but Hannibal’s ownership,

having come to the conclusion to buy this favor without being led to believe the results were certain.

It is a submission on a new level, an offering without the fear of how much of himself he was given, laying himself open like the diagrams in a medical text, and just as much at the mercy of Hannibal's eye.

"Very well," Hannibal tells him, stroking his fingers along Will's stomach, trailing over the tacky lines of cum left streaked there, and he smiles then, amused, cat like.

"It so happens I have been offered a box for a debut in Frankfurt," he suggests, mildly, considering. There is a thoughtfulness and reserve beneath the offer. "A week hence. We will go and take a hotel, if you assure me I can trust you."

His fingers slip beneath the collar, just once. "You'll need a suit, I think. We'll take the train tomorrow, make yourself ready."

Will blinks, sits up, and for a moment does nothing but look at the man in front of him, still impeccably dressed despite Will's attendance to him earlier, still incredibly put together. Then he just sits closer and kisses him, uncaring if he was given permission to or not, just wanting to express his gratitude in a way that will have his words tangling and sloppy.

He hums gently when it's allowed, and presses closer.

When he pulls away his eyes are closed and his lips are parted on quick breaths and a smile.

"Thank you," he murmurs, blinking his eyes open before directing them upwards, to Hannibal. "Thank you."

He watches Hannibal stand, chews his lip as he considers the entire situation, as he considers the transaction that had happened and what it meant, and wonders why it

End Notes

-Named for the Glenn Miller song
-An opening night In Frankfurt, setting this piece in 1937, the last week of May. The opening they attend is June 8th, Carl Orff's Carmina Burana.

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